LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PR5843
Shelf .W4
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MY NOTE-BOOK;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM THE GALLERY OF ST. STEPHENS.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY

WILFRED WOODFALL, ESQ.,

SECOND EDITION.

—Εριζοντες προς αλλήλους—

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA LANE.

1822.

PR 5843
.W4

Joseph Mallett, Printer, 59, Wardour Street, Soho, London.

A.M. 1 Oct. 79.

TO

DANIEL WITTOL HARVEY, ESQ.

EX-"LEGISLATORIAL ATTORNEY,"

WHOSE MATCHLESS BOLDNESS OF STYLE

HAS SO OFTEN

FILLED ME WITH AMAZEMENT;

AND

THROUGH WHOSE SENATORIAN DÉCHÉANCE

"THE WORLD HAS WANTED MANY A"

SPLENDID SPEECH;

THESE SKETCHES ARE

INSCRIBED, DEVOTED, DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER objections may be urged against the Sketches now presented to the public, it will not at least be denied that they have been drawn with impartiality. The adherent of no party, I have no political purpose to serve, no political feeling to gratify. I have seen enough of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, to make me reject the opinions on which they advance their respective claims to constitutional purity: and I candidly acknowledge, in the consciousness of my inability

to "turn from the error of my ways," that I have not yet received *a call* to declare myself a follower of the *Saints*.

The brief delineations I have given contemplate rather the manner than the man; his peculiarities rather than his principles. It were needless to observe, that the former, when extravagant or strongly marked, have in all ages been considered as legitimate a subject for satire, as the latter for animadversion when found reprehensible or vicious.

I shall not say, in the affected diffidence of some incorrigible jinglers in rhyme, that "the following pages

were never intended to meet the public eye," for I have written them with no other intention; nor shall I urge, in favour of them, that "I have adopted the suggestions of some kind friends, whose judgment I respect," for I have given everlasting offence to three of my most intimate friends by declining to avail myself of their gratuitous co-operation. The whole three made me a voluntary tender of their services in the important article of a Preface; but so inordinate was my vanity, that I gave a preference to my own judgment; and, if the sale of the work should suffer on that account, I have nobody to blame but myself. One of them exclaimed, on seeing the manuscript, "Woodfall, my dear fellow! I am so delighted with your Sketches

that I shall most gladly introduce them to the public, with a few smart lines of my own composition." Another, equally prompt to serve me, offered that moment to do something in the style of Swift, as most appropriate to the occasion: and the third had actually taken up the pen; and, in his officious zeal, covered four sheets of foolscap with specimens of wit from Rabelais, Voltaire, Pope, Sterne, &c. before I could induce him to desist. This latter gentleman, who is a personage of goodly port, with a florid complexion, always carrying a cane, and wearing a profusion of powder, was so disgusted with my bad taste in not accepting a piquant composition, which he thought worthy of a place on the shelves of the Sosii,

that he declared he would leave me "deserted in my utmost need," and not write a prologue for a Comedy of mine, which has waited Mr. Elliston's leisure ever since he first became lord of the ascendant in the Green Room of Old Drury.

In making my heroes speak in rhyme, I never intended that, like Homer's heroes, they should speak in poetry;—that would be quite out of character; for, among them all, there is not one who shows anything of the "*mens divinior*," except L-rd L--th-r; and to him I found it impossible to do justice. A rich harvest remains yet to be reaped, and I shall probably be induced to go again into the same field,

or one immediately contiguous to it, should the public be of opinion, that on the present occasion my sickle has not been uselessly employed. As for the critics, let them do their worst, it shall give me no uneasiness. Such of them as have minds superior to the undue influence of passion or prejudice, I shall always respect, whatever may be their decision; those who have not, I shall always despise.

WILFRED WOODFALL.

London; June, 1821.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE very favourable reception which the first edition of this little work has met with, is the more gratifying to the Author, as it assures him that legitimate satire, under any circumstances, cannot fail to be duly appreciated. Nor can he forbear from expressing his satisfaction, that a body of gentlemen with whom he is associated—a body exceeded by no other in the empire for talent and discrimination—recognized at once the identity of his portraits with the originals from which

And, while the mass of minion* you survey,
Think on St. Stephen's, and each hapless wight
Who, seated there full oft till break of day,
Still notes but nonsense through the live long night,
Which he, to sense must turn, in language good;
Else who, in all the world, would read poor M-th-w
W—d?

III.

I've prov'd it oft—*haud inexpertus loquor,*
And oft I wish'd the Marquis de Chabannes†
Had prov'd the ordeal of a red-hot poker,
When he devis'd his calorific plan

---

* Small print.

† This goodly personage has nearly roasted the Members of the House of Commons by his ingenious device for introducing hot air through the different parts of that building. Hence, an hon. alderman, equally remarkable for good humour and corpulency, observed, upon one occasion, "that they might as well be legislating over the *cretur* (crater) of Mount Vesuvius."

To parch his very bones for sapless Cr-k-r,
His native vizor blanch, for little Van;
Oh! I could blow—but I'll restrain my wrath,
"Sheep's heads," says St—gs B—rne* "are good for
making broth."

Sheep's heads! ye gods! what human head sustains
A heavier mass of more congenial brains
Than thine, O P-t-r! far-fam'd P-t-r M—re?
"All other *heads* appear so *lean,* so poor!"†
But here I find heroics lead me on;
Then let them so, with stanzas I'll have done:

---

* This right hon. gentleman thinks that, in workhouses, very good broth might be made from sheep's heads. So think I; and the country will doubtless fully appreciate so valuable a discovery. Within the last twenty years wonderful advances have been made in the science of political economy.

† "Read Homer once, and you need read no more,
"All other works appear so mean, so poor."

Stanzas let Byron write, and Murray vend,—
Murray the last to prove an author's friend,
Unless the name a title recommend*.

A DEBATE.

Here shall I now, by prejudice unsway'd,
The slave of none in politics who trade,
Describe a doughty senatorian fight,
Which called forth all the formidable might
Of fierce opponents, never known to lag
When urg'd by P-t-r, or provok'd by B—gge.
The theme inspires; lo! P-t-r in his place
Displays the volume of his ample face,
And shows an index,—what shall be my rhyme?—
A country clock that "takes no note of time."
E'en such a face displays to public view,
To prove the works inside are never true.

* Perhaps this is the only bookseller in Europe who looks *to* an author's title, and not *at* his *title-page*. Sagacious Mr. John Murray!

With parchment roll soon on the floor he's seen,
The dauntless champion of his injur'd queen;
His wig awry, his fists inflicting blows
To shake the table under Dyson's* nose.
Yet warmer still he waxes while he reads
A labour'd list of C-st—r—gh's misdeeds,
Sent up from Coventry his zeal to prove,
He talks of motions, W-lsn† cries out "*move!*"
He swells, he foams, impatient for debate,
Sly whining B-nks protrudes his powder'd pate;
While from the bench, where W-l-b-r-f-rce and Co.
Their saintly pates in meek seclusion shew,

* This respectable individual was chief clerk at St. Stephen's at the time here alluded to, but has since retired.

† Not the staid and circumspect Mr. T. W-l-s-n, whose well-curled peruke so happily harmonizes with his placid countenance. It will scarcely be necessary to say that the gallant knight was the person who encouraged P-t-r on the occasion.

A sidelong glance he casts but to descry
A stupid scowl from P-t-r's stupid eye.
P-t-r proceeds resistless in his course:
P-t-r is cheer'd,—he raves, till he gets hoarse;
In vain to order does D—c—k M—t—n rise,
So D—c—k sits down, and P-t-r still defies
All interruption, while the Sp—k-r bland
In accents mild gives him to understand
No breach of order yet had taken place;
—" I'm sure, (says P-t-r, standing near the mace,
And looking most complacently at D—c—k,)
I'd be the last against the house to kick: *(a laugh)*
But language now, sir, cannot be too bold,
The honest truth is now what must be told;
I'll let it out, the matter I'll not mince;
I'll make a base administration wince.

I know some facts,—yes, that I do, I'm sure,—
The Noble Lord may think himself secure,
But all his actions, soon, must come to light,
And, goodness gracious, what a horrid sight!
Who sent out L—ch? who sent out C—k and Br-wn,
And P-w-l, too, to take the falsehoods down,
Which ev'ry wretch in Italy could bring?
The ministers have done the very thing."

A moment's pause, and now does P-t-r's throat
Resume its croaking with an alter'd note;
In elegiac tenderness he melts;
Thus hail dissolves, when hail no longer pelts.

"My friend," he cries, "whose loss we all deplore;
My dear lamented friend, who's now no more—
Poor Sheridan (here P-t-r looks so droll,
A grin he wrenches from old W—sl-y Pole,)

Observ'd one day, I met him in the Park,
' P-t-r,' says he, ' the day looks very dark.'
' It does,' says I; ' but, never mind,' says he,
' Much darker days than this you'll live to see.'
I've seen them, sir,—his words were true indeed;—
Unhappy England! in your utmost need,
You lost a man, as much above the praise
Of Major Cartwright, or of Father Hayes,*
As London monument, on which we stare,
Is rais'd above the chimneys of Rag-Fair:
He was a man, ' take him for all in all,'
That Shakspeare might the pride of Denmark call;

(A laugh.)

---

* The venerable Major has, for some time past, taken unto himself this most respectable divine and excellent man, as a worthy associate in the good cause of Radical Reform.

And much I fear—indeed all hopes are vain,
'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'
His tomb I rais'd,—the tribute was sincere;
Th' expense was heavy,—but the friend was dear.
The Noble Lord, I see, is pleas'd to smile;
But there's not one in all his rank and file,
Who, when the Noble Lord is cold and dead,
Will ever place a stone above his head.
I need not say how fully I agree
In this petition, from electors free,—
From men, whose tongues no gagging-bills can fetter,
They know me well, and no man knows them better.

(A laugh.)

A Bill of Pains and Penalties, they think
A foul disgrace, as black as printer's ink;

I think so too,—my thoughts I'll never screen;
God help the nation, and God save the queen!
I now, sir, move,—I'd fain say more, if able,—
That this petition lie upon the table.
Had I said less, I'd surely be to blame:
Why, sir, my cheeks would blush with burning shame
Before my friends at Coventry to come,
Or catch a passing glimpse at Peeping Tom."

(A laugh.)

BR-GGE.

With paunch obese, and gills of livid hue,
B—gge shews his legs have nothing else to do
But to sustain the said fat paunch and gills—
A blockhead's part, while that great blockhead fills
To answer P-t-r,—at his post he stands,
Alternately exerting both his hands,

An oscillating balance to maintain,
Like a fat porpoise rocking in the main;
His head enforcing, with redoubled shakes,
The dulness which for argument he takes;
He looks profound, and, conscious of his lore,
The House already feels dispos'd to snore:
A solitary finger he uplifts,
Which, from his nose, perpetually he shifts,
To cut right angles in the empty space
Between that nose, and P-t-r's vacant face:
The finger, thus presented to our view,
An equal length exhibits with the queue
That guards a bunch of venerable hair,
The last fair honour of a cranium bare:
Diffuse as dull, he talks till patience tires,
Yet patience still the prosing dolt requires,

Nor heeds, if nausea make his audience retch,
Provided he exgurgitates a speech.
Truth, it is said, must in a well be sought,
And, with a rope, is from the bottom brought.
B—gge's wisdom lies in that capacious pump
Which acts in perfect concert with his rump;
Thence does he draw, and, of this sort of stuff,
Thinks, while he pumps, he ne'er can pump enough.
"If principles 'gainst principles be set,
Then let those principles be fairly met:
I mean sound principles,—the House will see
That principles, in which we all agree,
Are not like principles that raise a doubt:
Now, sir, a man may often turn about,
And take up principles oppos'd to those;
But, what's the consequence? no mortal knows.

This, sir, I think, does certainly embrace
The great and leading features of the case.
The honourable member has no right
A premature discussion to invite
Upon a Bill drawn-up with so much care,
And now in progress, as we know, elsewhere:
I deprecate the cause he has pursu'd
As calculated only to delude.
Why, sir, we know that inferences just,
Are drawn from premises when well discuss'd;
Some measures may be censur'd in detail,
But the great principle will never fail,
When, from the proposition, comes that sense
Which proves the necessary consequence. *(A laugh.)*
My noble friend and I have ever tried,
Upon this principle, our plans to guide;

But, I lament, sir, that in times like these,
Do what they will, no ministers can please:
The doctrines, now, so openly avow'd,
No end can serve, but to mislead the crowd;
The honourable member I commend
For having prais'd his 'dear departed friend;'
But, no reflections ought he to have cast
On the first pilot,—yes, the first and last
That ever guided, or shall ever steer,
The helm of state,—my noble colleague here."

P-t-r explains.

"What I have said is, as the gospel, true;
If he were dead, none would be found to rue,
Save and except those servants who have board
And furnish'd lodgings from the Noble Lord,
With all the placemen, who on taxes thrive,
And best can prosper while their friend's alive."

B—GGE.

" Sir, these are words 'gainst which I must protest,
Not that I think they can at all molest
The noble ears: *(a loud laugh.)* I cannot comprehend
What gentlemen, by that loud cheer, intend;
My noble friend, I'm sure, does not regard
The bold prediction which we just have heard,
Yet hear no language ought we to admit—"

P-t-r rises to order.

" The chair will judge if mine has been unfit."
Once more for P-t-r does the chair decide,
B—gge looks confus'd, and, bloating in his pride,
Regains his legs, then thrice, with P-t-r's knob,
Exchanges an intelligible bob;
And thus concludes—" No member can look at
The tone, the spirit, substance, *and all that,*

Of this petition, but must soon confess,
That one so bold no member ought to press:
Yet, still my strong objections I'll withdraw,
Lest factious men who violate the law,
My sentiments and motives should malign;
There is not from the Tiber to the Rhine,
Or, thence again to the Boristhenes,
A minister more ready to appease
All irritation in the land, than I;
Or less reluctant promptly to comply
With those requests in which we find involv'd
A question which has never yet been solv'd,
As it relates to principles that mark
A tendency to shatter freedom's ark,
And leave us floating on a stormy sea;—
Now, sir, the question does appear to me

Of such importance, that, while I exist,
The slightest innovation I'll resist,
Upon a system which includes the whole
Of those grand principles, whose strong control
Represses ev'ry effort to release
The social body from the bonds of peace."

(Cheers and laughter.)

B—N—T.

B—n—t is fir'd, his eyes to B—gge he turns,
His gen'rous soul with indignation burns;
B—n—t, who, living, for each creature lives,
Who both his ears with prompt delusion gives
To ev'ry sharper, swindler, knave, or thief,
If he, who asks them, will but ask relief.
B—n—t, save whom, no one on earth can vie.
In gaol distinction, with good Mrs. Fry:

Their zeal the same, alike they seek renown,
And are belov'd by all the gangs in town.
The closing words of B—gge's sublime appeal,
A heat excite which none beside could feel;
While thus the man of mankind shews the flame
That glow'd within the bosom whence it came.

"Why, sir,—Why, sir, this language—who can bear?
Shall any man,—shall any man now dare
To tell the House how much he condescends
When his conceit our common-sense offends?
Shall any man thus venture to presume?
(Hear, hear, from Cr—v—y; roaring cheers from H-me.)
Shall any man——? but all I must not say;—
(In a solemn and subdued cadence.)
My tongue must not my swelling heart obey;

My outrag'd feelings let me here suppress,
Lest, haply, they may urge me to transgress.
When the right honourable member tries
To prove how much he can our freedom prize;
Must he forget?—Must he forget?—Must he?—
Must he forget that Englishmen are free?
I know not, sir, what language he likes best;
His ear, I'm sure, is not the proper test;
But this I know, that ev'ry single line
Of this petition well accords with *mine*.
And, here, sir, let me yet a moment claim,
To state a fact that casts reproach and shame
On one who could abuse, in guilty hour,
The sacred trust of magisterial pow'r;
His name at present I forbear to give;
But yet his deeds, like water through a sieve,

Shall find their way; and, dropping on the House,

(Loud laughter.)

Let no man say my mountain breeds a mouse:—

(With a look of indignant reproof.)

A little boy, who drove a little ass,
A month ago, through Fulham chanc'd to pass:
Two pendent baskets, which the donkey bore,
Contain'd its master's last remaining store
Of baking-apples, which, in tedious route,
The little vagrant daily hawk'd about.
Not far from Fulham had he bent his way,
When his poor ass with fear began to bray;
And well it might,—for soon a fellow grapples
The harmless lad, and tumbles out his apples.
But, why this outrage?—Sir, I know not why,—
Except, that in each basket chanc'd to lie

A quartern loaf, which some vile baker swore
Had left *his* basket half an hour before,
Alleging, as a proof of what he said,
That he could well identify the bread;
And that the boy upon his dog had gain'd,
While he was by a customer detain'd.
Was ever tale more clearly void of truth?—
Yet, neither could the innocence nor youth
Of this poor lad secure him from a gaol;
He had no friends, so could procure no bail.
The magistrate, a scandal to the land,
Refus'd to listen,—would not understand
The artless story which the prisoner told,—
How he bought bread his apples when he sold,
To Newgate, sir, at once he had him sent,
And, still on cruel violence intent,

He thus address'd him, with unfeeling heart:—
'You graceless thief, your back is sure to smart;
The cat shall teach you people's goods to pass,
And steal no loaves when next you drive your ass.'
These were the words, the barb'rous words, he spoke;
But words cannot describe the piteous look
Which the dumb brute, with terror and dismay,
Cast on the boy, as he was borne away.
Now, sir, I ask, is not this flagrant case
To British justice a most foul disgrace?
Can we,—can we,—I say, sir, can we sit
Within these walls, and such disgrace permit?
The Noble Lord may bear it as he will;
But, as for me, my duty I'll fulfil,
And 'drag the struggling monster into day,'
Who dar'd to act——, *(Hear, hear, from C-st—rgh;)*—

Yes, this I'll do,—I tell the Noble Lord,
Unless the boy is to his ass restor'd." *(A laugh)*

C-ST—RGH.

In native ease, see C-st—rgh* stand forth,
By native ease to give his nonsense worth;
Whole hours in cold dilation can he spend,
To talk a jargon none can comprehend;
Yet, specious in absurdity, he gains
Attention, and our ridicule restrains.
He thus proceeds:—"The House, I think, will find
That matters may with questions be combin'd;
Which have no *common texture in their loom,*
If party will be *warp'd* to give them room;
Th' invectives we have heard from t'other side
Came floating on the *perforating tide*

---

* This celebrated functionary has just become Marquis of L———, in consequence of the decease of his father.

Of declamation, and the slimy beach
Is wash'd with all the noxious weeds of speech.
At this conjuncture, when the vital spring
Of moral action takes a *lawless swing;*
When the pure stream of justice finds its *links*
By faction *question'd* in its public *chinks;*
When men of probity are sure to fall
Within the reach of that *outrageous gall,*
Which *blinds the senses* and corrupts the heart;
When none are spar'd who act an honest part;
When black sedition runs its odious race
To *subjugate the intellectual pace,*
Which leads to social order by a course,
Distinct from mobs and democratic force,
And turns the scale of *equi-pendent pow'r*
Obedient to the working of the hour,—

That working which the Constitution feels,
As each new impulse operates on wheels
That never cease their circumambient rounds,
Yet never go beyond their proper bounds. *(A laugh.)*
At such a time I see, with great regret,
That in this House some gentlemen are met,
Who draw upon their figurative stores
To countenance the clamour out of doors,
And speak in terms which no man can endure
Of individuals scrupulously pure.
Really, sir, it is too much to brook
That such a worthy man as Mister C—k
Should have his name dragg'd forth to public scorn;
No better man, I'm sure, was ever born.
The breath of calumny cou'd never reach
The spotless character of Sir John L—ch,—

A man whose mind no pow'r on earth cou'd sway,
If *standing prostrate* justice marr'd the way;
A man, who in his public conduct shews
The private qualities by which he rose; *(A laugh.)*
A man, of all, who knows not to *collapse,*
With *circumstances,* into open *gaps;*
Nor seeks, by *retrogressive* movements, to *advance,*
Tho' retrogression may sometimes enhance
The value of that honourable prize
Which fair ambition holds before its eyes;
Yet, ev'n his name cou'd not escape to-night
The sweeping tongue, that with *pernicious blight*
Has analyz'd those gentlemen who went
Upon a mission which was never meant
To act upon the case in any form
That cou'd prejudicate, molest, or harm

The high lady, who, I lament to see,
Has been advis'd, most unadvisedly,
In common justice, sir, to Mister P-w-l,—
(Loud cries of Question, from Sir G-r--d N--l.)
The honourable Baronet mistakes
If he supposes his impatience makes
That strong impression on the organs here,
Which, acting on the *temporary ear*,
He can produce upon another stage
Where sober sense must yield to furious rage.
I say that Mister P-w-l is a man,
Who, since this anxious Milan case began,
To zeal, has* *jin'd* (join'd) much penetrating skill,
Not that I think his zeal dispos'd his will, *(a laugh.)*

* It is rather surprising, that the Noble Lord, who is so decided an enemy to all political innovation, thinks nothing whatever

To sanction depositions of a sort
That did not fundamentally comport
With facts *concocted* in the *womb of truth.*
These facts he heard; and yet, because, forsooth,
The principle involv'd in their extent
Does not accord with partial sentiment,
He must be censur'd with corrosive spleen;
As if the world unconscious still had been
Of circumstances openly display'd,
And in their nature tending to degrade

---

of making the most arbitrary and capricious changes in the pronunciation of our language, while, almost in every sentence he utters, he offers violence to its structure. By a barbarous fashion, in which he has already got some ridiculous disciples, he pronounces the word *coin, join, loin*, and the like, as if written *kine, jine, line;* and *point, appoint, anoint, &c.* as if written *pint, appint, anint.*

A personage who cou'd so far *embank*
That *royal blood* to which she ow'd her rank ;
As to erect a man of stature tall
(But in his *moral altitude* so *small*)
Into an equal.—Sir, I do conceive
That we shall most egregiously deceive
Our understandings, if we turn our backs
Upon ourselves, and tolerate attacks
That never shou'd be made within that line
On which discussion leads us to combine
The *features* of our senatorian strife.
It is too much to take the *scalping knife*,
And *mow down* characters, like so much hay,
To gain the vulgar plaudits of the day.
The *pint* (point) on which the House shall soon decide,
Stands in its bearings *permanently wide*

Of topics introduced but with the view
Of superjecting an invidious hue
On conduct that will always bear the light.—
('Yes,' cries Sir G-r—d, 'when kept out of sight.')
What can the honourable member mean?
Does he suppose his wit is yet so keen
As to afford ———"
The Sp—k-r:—"I must, in justice to the House,
observe,
That interruptions, when they widely swerve
From the strict rule of regular debate,
An acrimonious feeling may create.
The honourable member, I must say,
Has from this rule departed a long way."
Sir G-r—d:—"I bow in due submission to the chair,
And reverence th' authority that's there."

C-st—rgh.—" I'm glad the honourable member sees
That he has gone beyond those fix'd degrees
That *bound* the *limits* of our usual walk, *(a laugh.)*
And mark it with imaginary chalk.
We must not, in the aggregate of facts,
Look merely to th' inquisitorial acts
Of gentlemen selected to explore
The actual causes at the very door,
Where this unhappy question took its rise,
And brought the instrument before our eyes;
Nor ought we to obliquities converge,
Upon a case from which we can emerge;
But by proceeding strictly parallel
With all those proofs which nothing can repel,
As in their essence of too deep a *shade*
For human reasoning ever to *invade*,

Or agitate the *colour* that *sustains*
The *hinge* whose working ev'ry *pint* explains.
An honourable member, with a threat,
Which I assure him shall not make me fret,
Has warn'd me of his positive design
To bring a magistrate before the shrine
Of public justice in his proper name,
And sacrifice him to inglorious fame,
Unless a culprit, now the gaoler's charge,
Is with his ass allowed to go at large.
How far this case can possibly relate
To the great question pregnant in the state,
The House will judge; for me, I can't invest
A mind with wisdom that can give no test
Of light descry'd *through intellectual glasses,*
Except a sympathy for thieves and asses. *(Cheers.)*

The House, I'm sure, will never entertain
Petitions of a nature to restrain
The legislative march in its career,
Inverting the great axis of the sphere
That holds th' impatient multitude in check.
(Repeated cheers from S—mn—r and L—gh K—ck.)
Yet though I think the one that has been read,
A daring insult to the heart and head
Of every man who does not yet partake
Of sentiments whose object is to shake
The social fabric in their whirling eddy;
Still, for the reasons so well urg'd already
By my esteemed right honourable friend,
I shall not for a negative contend
Upon a *pint* that certainly might go
By frequent sanction to the overthrow

Of all those sluices that surround the trench,
Which guards the *throne,* the *altar,* and the *bench.*"

(Loud cheers.)

W—NE.

Smell-journal* W—ne, whose undissembled aim
Is to prefer a strong convincing claim
To the high station filled, with so much ease,
By one whom Nature destin'd still to please;

---

* Mr. W. is indebted for this designation to the sarcastic wit of Mr. Br—gh-m, who, upon a certain occasion, represented the honourable gentleman as likely to revive from a fainting fit, by smelling the journals of the House, in the same manner as one of his ancestors had, whose regard for precedents and forms was equally remarkable. No man carries his individual pretensions higher than Mr. W., nor is there any man living less easy of access. Nothing can be more laughable than the authoritative pomposity with which he seeks to display his importance. Much easier would it be for a stranger to obtain any favour, however great, from a Mandarin of the highest button, than a frank from this overweening aristocrat.

Exhibiting in manners most refin'd
A rare example of that polish'd mind
Which needs no contrast with a coarser mould,
To fix on worth the stamp of sterling gold,—
The man of precedents now tunes a voice,
In which *his* ears can constantly rejoice,
While other ears are with impatience found
Escaping the shrill torture of the sound.
Whoe'er has seen, at any time or place,
A hog, the pride of all the swinish race,
With neck compress'd between two rigid bars
Of some strong gate that ev'ry effort mars,
Has surely heard loud squeaks of dreadful pain
Emitted by the hapless brute in vain:
Then let him judge, for he can best suppose
How W—ne proceeded, teeming, as he rose.

With fusty knowledge, and prepar'd to play
A full half-hour, "*stridente stipula.*"
His tune begins:—"I certainly shall show
Such solid reasons as shall make us slow
To sanction language that so stoutly speaks
Seditious sentiments, yet slily seeks
By sinuous sophisms the sense to screen,
And, with pretended interest for the Queen
Casts imputations studiously design'd
To raise up rancour in the public mind.
I could adduce strong precedents in scores
To prove our ancestors had shut the doors
Against petitions much less bold than this:
The strongest is the case of Simon Twiss,
Who, when Elizabeth came to the throne,
Had a young spaniel, which he call'd his own;

But, in th' assertion, Twiss it seems was wrong,
For Cecil's servant swore it must belong
To that fine breed which Francis, king of France,
Had got from Italy, and kept at Nantz;
A breed of which an elder branch he gave
To Henry on the day he chanc'd to shave
That monarch's whisker, when each tried to snatch
The prize of conquest in a tilting match.
This branch, upon his majesty's decease,
Its numbers did considerably increase,
And younger branches through the kingdom spread,
Yet each and every spaniel, that was bred
From any of those branches, was to be
For ever held as royal property.
Twiss argu'd that the breed had long been cross'd,
And therefore all prescriptive right was lost:

His dog, he said, betray'd as vulgar blood
As any that had kennel'd since the flood.
Cecil, however, cut the matter short,—
Returning home, at six o'clock, from court,
He seiz'd the dog, in virtue of descent,
Ere Twiss surmis'd the mischief that was meant.
Remonstrance with the minister was vain,
Cecil resolv'd the spaniel to retain,
Alleging that King Henry, at his death,
Two dogs to him did bounteously bequeath;
From both of which the present one had sprung,
As would appear by looking at his tongue. *(A laugh.)*
Twiss was a bold and most imprudent man,
Nor once regarded how the tenour ran
Of an appeal drawn up with urgent haste,
In vicious language, and more vicious taste.

From Parliament he might have hoped redress,
Had he not rashly ventur'd to express
A doubt that spaniels could be handed down
As gifts descending only from the crown.
This doubt was fatal, as might be expected,
And Twiss's rash petition was rejected."

The Muse in vain would here attempt to trace
W—ne's sage deductions from this cogent case;
Nor could the compass of her varied strain
One quarter of the precedents contain,
Which from his surcharg'd magazine he drew,
To furnish specimens of all he knew.

John Cam.

John Cam, the glory and the rising hope
Of fam'd Sir Francis, now gives ample scope

To flippant strictures, spic'd with flippant wit;
Till D-v-s G-lb-rt* can no longer sit.
In lisping accents, and with formal air,
He thus bespeaks th' attention of the chair:
—" Sir, when I look at all the glorious toil
Of men whose blood has sanctified the soil,
Of men who by their noble efforts broke
That bondage which confess'd the tyrant's yoke;
When I reflect on Hampden in the field,—
On Russell, doom'd a deathless life to yield,—

---

* This gentleman is considered to have the most mathematical head of any man in the House; but to any thing witty he has an utter aversion; and hence, though on ordinary occasions the last to quit his post when the minister requires his presence, he is frequently seen sneaking out, and bidding a temporary farewell to the chair by a respectful bow, whenever any member of the opposition indulges in pleasantry beyond the measure of the rule and compass.

I can't express the horror and disgust
I feel at precedents, rak'd from the dust
Of odious tyranny, the last offence
That slavish zeal could offer to good sense.
An honourable member has to-night
Done what the dogs in office must delight;
A spaniel he has plac'd upon the floor,
To bark away the people from the door. *(A laugh.)*
Old cases he has cited by the parcel,
To let us see that he has more than Hatsell:*
Yet mouldy records of capricious pow'r
Must shock the mind at this enlightened hour,
And he who delves them from beneath that heap
Of foul and loathsome rubbish where they sleep,
Betrays himself, as much as mortal can,
A ministerial resurrection-man. *(A laugh.)*

---

* A great authority for parliamentary precedents.

A noble lord, whose rhetoric transcends
The tropes of all his honourable friends,
Has talk'd of 'justice questioned in its chinks,'
And yet this question all the time he blinks.
Now I have chinks I'll ne'er attempt to close,
That vent the tide of feeling as it flows:
Freely it issues, out the stream will come,
I tell the House '*Plenus rimarum sum.*'* *(A laugh.)*
Corruption, sir, notorious as noon-day,
Infects the frame,—what frame I must not say:
Nor is it only Grampound and Penryn
That turn'd out members to let members in
Who could afford to give more ample treats,
And larger offers for their venal seats.

---

* Terent. Eun. Act. i. sc. 2.

I know some boroughs quite as bad as those,
But which, for reasons, I must not expose.
No pow'r can save us from a dreadful storm,
No pow'r on earth but RADICAL REFORM.

(Hear, hear, and laughter.)

'Tis mighty well for gentlemen to cheer,
Who by corruption live from year to year,
Whose pockets daily would get worse and worse,
If not replenish'd from the public purse.
The name of Radical let these deride,
But as for me, I feel a conscious pride
To own a name that can so well define
The mark'd, the broad, th' interminable line
Between the slave of ev'ry base intrigue,
And him who ne'er can with corruption league.
Th' electors, sir, of Westminster have shewn
A bright example of what may be done,

If men will not their precious rights forego,
But nobly wrest them from the people's foe.
Let those who mock our efforts to repress
Abuses carried to the last excess,
Behold the scene at Manchester, and dare
To charge Reformers with designs unfair.—
That prop of the Church Militant on earth,
Whose late promotion rose from virtue's dearth;
That pride of parsons, the redoubted H—y,
Who deals destruction when he ought to pray,
Will, doubtless, say, that massacre and blood
Are expiations religiously good
For crimes with awful evil so replete
As meetings that on public evils treat.
But, sir, this doctrine he can never preach,
Except to men whose wits he may impeach.

As to the Queen, a more infernal plot
Was never hatch'd in hell when doubly hot,
Than that by Satan's emissaries fram'd
Against the victim their fell vengeance claim'd.
I can't proceed,—I must get somewhat calmer:"
(Here, down he sat, with cheers from long F-sh P-lm-r.)

D-ck M—t-n.

D-ck M—t-n rises.—D-ck is never found
The last to rise on ministerial ground;
With racy brogue he vindicates his friends,
Who estimate the prompt support he lends
Just in proportion as the mood provokes,
Coughs when he's serious, laughter when he jokes.
This Irish Fuller grapples with John Cam:
—"Now, Mr. Spaker, 'tis an idle sham,—

I say 'tis wasting all our precious time,
To make long speeches, aping Burke's sublime;
(Talking of Burke,—he was my blood relation,
And a great honour to the Irish nation.)
The last harangue was quite beyond all rule,—
A famous sample of that noted school,
Which teaches what our ancestors hereafter———
(D-ck gravely stares, midst frequent bursts of laughter.)
I do protest I cannot see the cause
Why gentlemen will so exert their jaws
At my expense;—but let them laugh away,
Posterity have liv'd to see the day—
(Continued laughter.)
When mad reformers caus'd a dreadful shock,
And brought a martyr'd monarch to the block.

I have a garden, sir, at Connamarra,*
Where Mick Mullowny one day drew the harrow;
'Now Mick,' says I, 'take care of the young trees:'
'Don't fear,' says he, 'tis I that sav'd the bees,
And sent them swarming back into the hive;
They came out dead, but now they're all alive.'

(A loud laugh.)

I walk'd away; but, when I came to look
At all the pains the lazy rascal took,
I soon exclaim'd—'You prince of stupid brutes!
Upon my *sowl* you've torn up all the roots!'

---

* This is the name of Mr. M.'s estate in the north-west of Ireland, an estate remarkable for two things,—its extent, and its sterility. There does he hold indisputable sway, there stands the great citadel of his naked dominions—"*Illa se jactet in aula.*"

The fellow stood, and, gaping like a fool,
Listen'd awhile most insolently cool,—
'Then, sir,' says he, 'don't say a word about 'm;
The trees, I know, will grow as well without 'm.'
(Laughter.)
Need I observe how well this case applies
To ev'ry wicked radical who tries
To pluck those roots from which the Church and King,
And all the Lords, and all the Judges, spring?
None will assert, that, if the roots were gone,
The trunks would thrive as hitherto they 've done.
Sir, as for freedom we 've quite enough!—
The May'r of Galway gave a smart rebuff
To one Tim Shaughnessy, the other day,
Who wish'd to dictate rather than obey;

And ask'd the worthy magistrate to call
A public meeting, with intent to brawl
Against the constitution of the land.
'Tim,' says the May'r, 'I'll answer your demand,
By letting Galway see your naked back,
If one word more of politics you clack.
You are, I find, a most *inhuman* pig;
You don't regard the venerable wig
Upon the parson, or the parish priest,—
You've turn'd philosopher, you dirty beast.'

(Much laughter.)

Here is a mayor on whom we can depend,—
I always was and still will be his friend;
His uncle's grandson, Mr. Daly* knows,
To me some lasting obligations owes.

---

* His honourable colleague.

I made him bailiff of my own estate;"—

(Hem! question! question!)

D-ck:—" Wait a little, wait!—

But one word more, sir, and I shall sit down.

(Hear, hear, cries N-l-n;—hear, cries D-n-s B-r-n.)

Horace compar'd his nation to a ship,—

I sometimes into that fine author dip;

And now I say—*O navis novi fluctus—*,"

" I rise to order," cries Sir W—m C-r-tis:

" No member ought to quote broad Irish here."

(A laugh.)

" Irish!" says D-ck: " Irish it may appear

To those who sit in judgment at Guildhall,

To ev'ry alderman both great and small;

But in this house it will be understood

As Latin, *metaphorically* good." *(A laugh.)*

Sir W—m explains.

" Yes, I perceive I made a slight mistake;—"
D-ck:—" I once mistook a gander for a drake.
But, to the point;—I always will defend
The worthy conduct of my noble friend.
He saw the thing most hideous to behold,
And acted with that resolution bold,
Which in such cases knows not how to flinch,
But prosecutes its progress ev'ry inch.
No human creature can suppose, I'm sure,
That Bergami, a varlet so obscure,
Wou'd have been made the queen's chief *major domo*,
Unless this grace and ornament of Como*

* Mr. Canning has represented the royal consort of his Majesty George IV. as the " grace and ornament of every society;"—a sweeping compliment that admits of a general application.

Had priz'd endowments, which at bottom prove
Ramifications of the plant of love." *(Loud laughter.)*

W—D.

Now sapient W—d, that alderman so great,
Who, in the pomp and pageantry of state,
For two whole years a city monarch shone,
Dispensing justice from his cockney throne,
And sending harlots, with their flashmen, hopping,
Beyond the bounds of Temple Bar and Wapping;*

---

* It is but justice to the alderman to say, that, during the two successive years of his mayoralty, he proved himself a most active chief magistrate, and deserved the approbation of his fellow-citizens. He was the terror of thieves and prostitutes; and humanity will applaud the zeal with which he took up the case of the poor Irishmen, who had been made the dupes of wretches as atrocious as any that had ever lain in wait for innocent blood. Upon his public conduct since that period, different opinions have been advanced, according to the political bias of interested partisans; but the merits of those opinions shall not here be discussed.

W—d, whom the halls of Brandenburgh confess
The boldest squire of ladies in distress;
Whom Count Vassali hails with heartfelt glee,
And Countess Oldi calls her *cher ami*,
Because their pensions, as they think, were sav'd
By his emprise, so nobly he behav'd;
Now does he in his wonted style essay
A congruous, clear, consecutive display.

"I hope and trust the House will not expect
That I shou'd now her Majesty protect,
By telling *of* the various facts I know;
And I *ashore** the House they'll give a blow,—
A blow, that, falling like a clap of thunder,
Will strike the nation and the House with wonder.
I was at breakfast, in my morning gown,
My eldest daughter, then, was out of town;

---

* Assure.

My youngest boy was sitting by my side;
My eldest son had just gone out to ride;
My cook and butler had that day got marry'd,
And, three months after, the poor bride miscarry'd.

(A laugh.)

I'm thus minute, to shew that I can tell
The very day I heard from Serjeant Pell
A fine quotation,—I forget the book
From which these words the learned Serjeant took: *
'But he who filches from me my good name,'—
Let all the Queen's traducers, to their shame,
Observe the words, and learn at last to stop;—
Now off to France I soon resolv'd to pop.

---

* It is an undoubted fact, that in all cases of defamation, in which the learned Sergeant happens to be professionally engaged, this quotation is as necessary to him as his brief.

I certainly no longer could remain,
From circumstances which I can't explain;
I take no credit in the thing,—not I;
My services I never could deny
To any lady; and for Caroline,
Our gracious Queen! my life I wou'd resign.

(Cheers.)

When I discover'd that the noble lord
Presiding at the Admiralty Board;
His father held a place of pow'r and trust;
He well deserv'd it, no man was more just:
The present peer, I'm *shore** is just likewise!
But, when I look'd, and, op'ning *of* my eyes,
Perceiv'd he had our navy at command,
I could not well the reason understand

---

* Sure.

Why he refus'd to send a frigate over,
To bring her royal Majesty to Dover.
But, as I long suspected what was meant,
I went to fetch her from the Continent.
Her enemies I knew to be at work,—
The House will hear of Mahomet the Turk.
I'd scarcely landed in the town of Calais,
When I was shock'd with tales of horrid malice;
I'm very *shore* the House wou'd feel surprise
Were I to mention half the odious lies
That were repeated by some persons there;
A barber, who was dressing *of* my hair,—
The fellow came with scissors, brush, and comb,

(A laugh.)

I left my *usial* instruments at home:
But that's no matter!—from his information
I learn'd the schemes that were in contemplation

To stop her Majesty upon her route;
And all the secret plans he spoke about
Were deeply laid. I thank'd him for the clue;
He earn'd a franc, I freely gave him two.

(Laughter.)

While reading *of* a book in my hotel,
I heard an *individghal* ring the bell.
Who might he be?—a courier from the Queen,
Despatch'd to me, as some before had been,
On business, which the House will know much better,
If with their leave I read her gracious letter.

(Cries of Read! read! and No, no.)

'Tis very short; her Majesty confines
Her longest letter to a hundred lines;
Indeed, I think, she sent me half a score,
Containing only forty lines or more.

Of course her Majesty can't condescend
To write as much as any common friend,
Yet I *ashore* the House she writes to me,
As to a friend most unreserv'd and free.
I hope and trust the House, if I proceed—"

(Loud cries of question! louder cries of read!)

K—TH D—GL-S.

" Sir, as the letter may perhaps contain
Allusions, of a nature to arraign
Some individuals who have had a share
In the developement of this affair;
I do contend it ought not to be read
Till all the parties to the bar are led.
Sedition, sir, is spreading far and wide,
The writers on the democratic side
Can with a goose-quill their opponents drub,
They wield it as did Hercules his club:

Our friends they'll soon annihilate, unless
We place some strong restrictions on the press.*"
(Hear! hear! and question! Order! order! hear!)
W—d:—" No gentleman has any thing to fear,—
This letter, sir, says not a single word
About the agents of the noble lord;
'Tis written in the most familiar style,
So much so, that it caus'd my wife to smile;—

---

* It will be recollected, that this gentleman upon one occasion urged the necessity of something like a censorship on the press, without having any argument to produce in support of so odious a measure but the inequality of talent between the writers on both sides. He contended, that the journals espousing the cause of the government were beaten out of the field by the papers in the interest of the Whigs and Radicals, and therefore the freedom of the press must be further restrained by some powerful legislative enactment.

Says Mrs. W—d, ' My dear, I'm sure, (says she,)
You think the Queen far pref'rable to me;'

(A loud laugh.)

This joke was quite in her good-natur'd way,
She knows, full well, I never went astray.

(Continued laughter.)

From what I've said, the House I trust will now
The reading of this document allow.—"

The House consents; and then, with bashful tone
Of seeming diffidence, he thus goes on:

" ' *Dear Mister W—d,* come to me soon I beg,
I'm now at supper, eating *of* an egg;
To-morrow morning, by the break of day,
I'll start for Flanders without more delay;
You are the friend on whom I most rely,—
I long to taste an English apple-pie.

If you detain me, I shall be undone,—
Now do, dear creature, like a race-horse run.
In my opinion you have always stood
So high, that I *ashore* you, Mister W—d,
I feel a more sincere regard for you
Than any Englishman I ever knew:
Straight to St. Omer's I intend to post,
A single moment must not now be lost;
Pray meet me there on Friday evening next—."

S-MN-R, *to order*—

" Sir, I must rise to interrupt the text;
A barber's story,—false, no doubt, as Homer's—
And an old woman's journey to St. Omer's,
With this plain question have no more to do
Than I had with the French at Waterloo.

(A laugh.)

The point on which we're call'd upon to vote,
Is, whether we shall entertain or not
A vile petition, stuff'd with all the slang
Of ribbon-weavers, a most scurvy gang.
Sir, I contend it would pollute the sack
Where purer parchment every day we pack:*
The Queen has left her tradesmen's bills unpaid,
The cash is to Bergami all convey'd."

(Order! order!)

W—d:—" The honourable member I defy;
To prove the fact, let him at once apply,

---

* It may be necessary to inform those who have never been within the walls of St. Stephen's, that there is there a capacious leather bag, which serves as a depository for petitions till they are "disposed of" in some practical way. There are none who "treat the petitions of the people with more callous indifference" than tailors, or whose *measures* more frequently prove how little respect is paid to them.

And all the claims he makes, however large,
I shall, I'm *shore*, immediately discharge.
Now, as for Bergami, I can declare
His coat and small clothes wanted some repair,
And his mustachios were quite out of trim,—
Mustachios are an ornament to him,
Tho' as for me I'm *shore* I should be jeer'd
Were I to wear two branches of my beard,
Starch'd up with black pomatum to the tip,
And then spread out upon my upper lip.
But, sir, I say that Bergami's attire
A speedy renovation did require;
When at St. Omer's, where he took his leave,
Some awkward rents I chanc'd *for to* perceive:
Why, sir, had he been well supply'd with cash,
He *shorely* would have cut a brilliant dash.

Her Majesty, in taking off her cloak—"

(Hem! Order! order! Question! question! Spoke!)

Sp--k-r:—" The honourable Alderman must see
That nothing can be more disorderly
Than for a member, by a sad mistake,
The question altogether to forsake."

The Alderman, of course, could not do less
Than make his bow, and promptly acquiesce;
This having done, he soon resum'd his seat,
Resolv'd, next time, two speeches to complete.

L-RD L--TH-R.

" One fact I can with confidence attest,
From which the House may well presume the rest,—
An equipage I saw with my own eyes
That fill'd all France with envy and surprise:*

* The noble Lord, at the time the provision for the Queen became the subject of discussion in the House, described, in a style

The Parisians were astonish'd at the sight
Of Bergami with twelve Arabians white,
Each horse caparison'd in burnish'd gold,
The youngest was a famous three-year-old;

(A laugh.)

His yellow carriage seem'd a glitt'ring mine,—
I never saw a vehicle so fine;
His green barouche, an emerald was set
Within a shining frame of polish'd jet;
His English chariot, curricle, and coach,
To others were a most superb reproach;
His suite, compos'd at least of twenty-two,
Were all array'd in silks of Tyrian hue,

---

of Eastern exaggeration, the gorgeous display made by Bergami at Paris. The noble lord has a fine vivid fancy, and his powers in the descriptive are of the highest order.

Emboss'd with gold, and floating in the gale,
The perfumes of Arabia to exhale.

(Hear! hear! hear! and loud laughter.)

As to himself, let it suffice to say,
That language fails his raiment to pourtray,
The blazing pendants dangling at his ears
Might once have ransom'd thousands from Algiers,
And half the gems that on his mantle green
Like daisies on the velvet turf were seen
Might have redeem'd, if sold, like stamps on wills,
A million sterling of Exchequer Bills.
Some monks beheld him and were scandaliz'd,
They view'd him as a demon undisguis'd,
A frightful fiend return'd from Palestine
With treasures plunder'd at the holy shrine.

Now, when at Paris he display'd such riches,
Why at St. Omer's had he not good breeches?
To the petition, sir, I can't assent,
'Tis wicked both in language and intent.

(Hear, hear, hear.)

BR--GH-M.

With bitterest satire, frowning on a face
Whose lines no pencil faithfully could trace,*
Br--gh-m advances from a bench that mocks
Our eyes with C-lcr--ft in the seat of Fox.
Acute as cogent, fluent as precise,
He urges no one proposition twice,

---

* There is a certain expression in Mr. Br--gh-m's face which defies the powers of any artist to delineate correctly. The profile likeness of him in the shops, representing him in a striking attitude on the Queen's trial, is the best I have seen, but that is by no means a perfect one.

Nor ever ventures in his wordy war
Beyond the steady impulse of his car.
" The man," he cries, " whose task is to contend
With pow'rs that all the shades of talent blend,
At any time might well appear afraid
Against such pow'rs to place himself array'd,
But their dread force, as awful he regards,
When found concenter'd in two mighty lords.

(A laugh.)

The noble viscount, in his usual style,
Has plainly sought our reason to beguile,
And sure I am the House will not in haste
Forget that speech, at once sublime and chaste,
By which his noble friend has clearly shown
That men at Paris never pass unknown,

While each gay tourist gets his destin'd share
Of splendid notoriety when there.
Yet none could hear the statements we have heard,
(For which I'm sure the house was not prepar'd,)
(a laugh.)
But must perceive, that in the soaring flight
Which vent'rous Fancy wing'd to such a height,
She learn'd from Jealousy her course to steer
Ere she was led to quit her native sphere.
At home accustom'd to the vulgar gaze
When he rides out in tilbury or chaise,
The noble lord was tortur'd when in France,
To find that Bergami had greater chance
With jaded palfreys the *haut ton* to hit,
Than he with steeds that 'champ'd the foaming bit.'
(Hear, hear, hear.)

Hence, sir, the glowing archetype he drew,

Hence the proud pageant glitt'ring in our view;

Envy propell'd his fine imagination

To riot in sublimest transformation:

(Repeated cheers, and laughter.)

Old spur-gall'd hacks Arabian coursers rise,

And rude *voitures* at once we recognize

As vehicles that challenge ev'ry maker

Who gilds the Park with fashion from Long Acre.*

---

* As there is no doubt whatever that this egregious performance will find its way to John O'Groat's House as well as to the Land's End, I think it right to inform the good people at both those extremities of our island, that the most splendid coaches, chariots, curricles, gigs, tilburies, dennets, &c. &c. displayed in Hyde Park every Sunday, to the great scandal of "serious Christians," are turned out from a certain street in the British Metropolis, yclept Long Acre.

The servants too, as wretched lazzaroni
As ever swallow'd ropes of macaroni,
Because they shine in tinsel'd tatters gay,
Like chimney-sweepers on the first of May,
Assume a more magnificent attire
Than the Grand Turk would for his suite desire.
The object of the noble lord is plain:
We find in his inimitable strain
An anxious wish to make the House believe
That Bergami was certain to receive
Whatever money to the queen was sent
While she resided on the Continent.
A charge more groundless never yet was made;
That individual punctually was paid;
But who can prove he got a single *sous*
Beyond the fix'd and certain stipend due?

Much has been said about the fine estate
He's got near Milan; and the stylish rate
In which he figures through the country round:
But what's the fact? a little patch of ground,
Not more than thirty acres, he has bought,
A rugged, poor, and unproductive spot,
As any by those abject vassals till'd
Whose numbers at the late election fill'd
The servile train that compass'd my defeat,
And gave the noble lord his present seat.

(Hear, hear, hear.)

I know not, sir, nor can I well surmise,
What the words 'moral altitude' comprise,
But, if the noble viscount wou'd imply
Exalted virtues, not attainments high,

Then I assert, (I speak, sir, as I think,)
A viscount may below a menial sink.

(Loud cheers from the Opposition Benches.)

'Tis not for me minutely to inquire
Why queens will sometimes teach men to aspire,
Nor shall I ask why kings profusely shed
Distinction proud on many a worthless head;
Princes are free from all severer ties
That would restrict them to the good and wise;
And therefore ought we to proclaim their praise,
If modest worth by accident they raise:
The noble viscount, I'm persuaded, knows
How far at court the slightest merit goes,
When found combin'd with arts that can allure,
And Protean manners seeking to ensure

The partial smile, as practis'd wiles suggest
The proper guise that can conceal them best;

(Repeated cheers.)

In these attainments Bergami can't dare
With more accomplish'd fav'rites to compare.
I shall not, sir, provoke discussion now,
About the *when*, the *wherefore*, and the *how*,
That noted person from the queen obtain'd
More mark'd regard than other servants gain'd;
A future day will clearly show the cause;
Meanwhile I ask the safeguard of the laws,
And call upon the House to interpose
Between my royal client and her foes:
She seeks no favour; all that she demands
Is fair impartial justice at your hands.

As to the motion, I can only say,

Let some oppose petitions as they may,

The cause of innocence must still prevail

O'er guilt, with Green-bag falsehood at its tail."

(Continued cheers.)

SIR J—PH Y—KE.*

" In all my life I've never been afloat

In a more crazy, wriggling, leaky boat,

---

* At St. Stephen's there are many honourable gentlemen who set up for wits with fewer pretensions than this gallant Baronet, who frequently says " a good thing" in a peculiar way. Having received a naval education, he draws abundantly on that prolific source for his humourous allusions, and very often with a happy effect. He delights in the ludicrous and extravagant; nor can he treat any subject seriously, however momentous in its character and consequences. He realizes, to a certain degree, the coarse drollery of Commodore Trunnion, but wants the distinctive attributes with which the genius of Smollett has invested that whimsical son of Neptune.

Than that in which our crew* embark'd to-night,
Because a lumb'ring schooner hove in sight;†
If thus our tars must run all risks to board
Small craft, that can no recompense afford,
While the first rates defy us in the offing:
(Hear, hear, from C-ckb-n and Sir Is--c Coff-n.)
Then I maintain that nothing can be worse
Than such a blind infatuated course;
Besides, 'tis perfect lunacy to waste
Our ammunition with such eager haste,
And leave the gun-room scantily supply'd,
When th' enemy shall give us a broadside,
(A laugh.)

---

* The ministerial party, on whose side he generally votes.

† This allusion to P-t-r is infinitely less courteous than apposite.

Now, as for Bergami, let me be plain,
On ev'ry mast, the mizen or the main,
He show'd himself an able, skilful hand,
And, when promoted to the chief command,
He trimm'd his ship so nicely to the gale,
That she could scud, while others made no sail.

(A laugh.)

With her *top-gallant* bagging* in the breeze,
He steer'd her safely through the roughest seas
To distant shores, which at no time before,
So old a frigate ventur'd to explore:
She's now laid up in *ord'nary* 'tis said,
But not at Chatham, Plymouth, or Spithead,

---

* Vela facit tamen et plenis subit ostia velis.
Virg. Æneid, lib. v. l. 281.

And in the port to which she has been brought.
She soon must fall a prey to the *dry rot.*

(Hear! hear! and laughter.)

Her captain now, the toils of service over,
Like Hatchway, anchors in a field of clover.*
Had he not been from his experience able
To suit his anchor to his strength of cable,

---

* The reader who is conversant with the writings of Smollett, as every reader must be who is not insensible to genuine humour, cannot have forgotten the truly laughable description he gives of the hunting-scene in which Trunnion and Jack Hatchway cut so conspicuous a figure. The Commodore, finding himself unable to restrain the spirited animal on which he is mounted, envies the good fortune of his friend, who, by a lucky accident, had been brought to the ground in a favourable position, and, while hurried through the meadow, where he sees Jack seated at his ease, takes occasion to utter the *feeling* exclamation of "D—n you, you are at anchor."

And with the weather made his jibs to shift,
He long ago had found himself adrift;
His stern to the Barona had been plac'd,*
Nor had his prow the Villa d'Estè have fac'd.

(Continued laughter.)

Yet safe on shore, his consequence is great;
His 'patch of ground,' sir, is a large estate.
'Tis stuff to say that like old Cincinatus *(a laugh.)*
He ploughs his farm, and plants it with potatoes.

---

* The facetious baronet observed, on a recent occasion, to a gallant admiral, who did not appear satisfied with his conduct while he held a certain office, that "had he (the admiral) been in his place he would have acted precisely in the same manner, otherwise he would have soon found himself with his stern to the Admiralty." How necessary is discretion to men who would not fight with their bread and butter, merely because it happened to cost John Bull a higher price than he was disposed to pay for it.

But, by the way, that fine nutritious root,
In London taverns sold as Irish fruit,
Was not to former Cincinatus known;
A better esculent has never grown.
All this, however, is not to the question;
And, if I now might venture a suggestion,
I would advise my honourable friends
To see how far the enemy's line extends,
Before they give the signal for attack,
And risk the glories of the Union Jack."

(Loud cheers and laughter.)

He ceas'd; and coughs proclaim'd that H—g-te rose:
The motion then was carried by the "NOES."

Meanwhile, does H-me, that plodding pioneer,*
His nose intrude upon R-c-rdo's ear :†

---

* Of all the men that have ever taken an active part in the proceedings at St. Stephen's, this determined opponent of ministerial extravagance is certainly the most indefatigable. It happens, however, that very little good is affected by his unwearied industry; and upon various occasions his statements have no sooner been made than satisfactorily refuted. In this respect, he may be compared to the man in the fable, who is always running about, and appears up to his eyes in business, but does nothing. His attention is chiefly directed to the details of our public expenditure, and his information, in most instances, is very inaccurate. With a greater share of self-complacency than usually falls to the lot of any man more diffident than himself, he descants upon the merest trifles, till the patience of the house becomes exhausted. He is one of those whose

† Before he brings forward any of his important propositions, he takes occasion to avail himself of the collective wisdom of his party.

The two Sir Roberts then *leni susurro,*

The one the boasted Scipio of the Borough,

The other known at Lincoln as a sage,*

He next consults,—great oracles of the age!

---

habits are too inveterate to be corrected by example, and whose opinions are too stubborn to be altered by argument. No matter what topic he takes up, he is always inaccessible to reason, always ready to oppose his perverse and prolix aberrations to the force of truth. Like Goldsmith's Parish School-master, "Even though vanquish'd, he could argue still." The only measure of practical economy that has hitherto resulted from his labours, is the discharge of several clerks, many of whom, with their families, are thrown destitute upon the world, being deprived of the little stipend from which they derived a scanty support. I think that few even of Mr. H-me's partisans will admire this species of economy, the merit of which is mainly to be ascribed to him.

* The baronet is worthy of the knight, and the knight is worthy of the baronet. They act together in the same cause, and both are staunch supporters of Mr. H-me.

B—n—t and B-r-n-l, M-n-k and Absolute,*
Whose intellects he holds in high repute,
Are also at this pregnant moment seen
Conversing with the man of Aberdeen;
Who, now deposing from the mount of sense
The brimmer large, that crowns its rigid fence,
Stands on two legs, reported to be twins,
And, with these words immediately begins;
—" Sir, after the discussion we have heard,
I *daunt*† intend to say a single word

---

* *Absolute Wisdom* is a personage so well known, that the words are quite sufficient to indicate the man. How far the designation is appropriate, Mr. Br-gh-m, the gentleman who first conferred it, is best qualified to judge; one fact, however, is certain, that many reflecting Englishmen are sceptical as to whether the sage in question can vie with a celebrated king of the Hebrews. Perhaps, Sir Mannasseh Masseh or Masseh Mannasseh Lopez, could set the matter at rest.

† The Scotch pronunciation for *don't*.

Upon that subject; but the hour will come
When I shall strike the Queen's detractors dumb.
My object now is *aunly** to remark
On points too long neglected in the dark.
It cannot be too generally known
That at this time in th' island of Ceylon
The mode of catching elephants in kraels
A charge beyond all precedent entails.
From some returns that I have with me here,
I find not less than thirty pounds a-year
Paid to a man whose duty is to see
That the young tusks sustain no injury.
What! thirty pounds a-year for guarding teeth!
When first I started from the port of Leith,

---

* Only.

Not half the money could I call my own:
The funds I had were rais'd by way of loan.
But, sir, I shall be confidently told
That iv'ry tusks, like precious bars of gold,
Are worth securing at a high expense.
This I admit; yet men of common sense
Must clearly see, that iv'ry, when 'tis got
At more expense and trouble than it *oat*,*
Is not an article that can be made
Conducive to a profitable trade.
In times like these of pressure and distress,
Men should resign the costly toys of chess,
And all the iv'ry gewgaws that they buy
At an amount extravagantly high,

---

* Ought.

Our ladies too by no means *oat* to wear
Transparent tortoise in their braided hair;
In my opinion combs of polish'd horn
Their locks would now more gracefully adorn.

(A laugh.)

Sir, I've no doubt existing in my mind,
That ministers, if they were so inclin'd,
In th' *Elephant Establishment* could make
A great reduction; let them *aunly* take
From all the kraels the useless hands that man 'em,
And they will save three hundred pounds per annum.
Besides this change, let them reduce the pay
In English coin to thirteen pence a-day
For each inspector, and at once discharge
Sixteen or more the number is too large.

But this retrenchment we cannot expect,
For patronage they'll ev'ry thing reject——."
Sp—k-r. " Does the honourable gentleman propose
To make a motion?"
H-me:—" Sir, I *aunly* rose
To state the fact; but I give *nottice* now
That this day fortnight, should affairs allow,
I shall submit a motion for returns
Of ev'ry sum that ev'ry kraelman earns;
Distinguishing the fund from which the same
Is paid each year, and specifying the name
Of ev'ry claimant, with his age and size;
The hours he works, the quantum he supplies
And whether stationed near a field or road,
Adjacent to, or far from, his abode.

" Another subject that requires to be
Investigated most attentively
Is the profuse extravagance we find
At head and tail, before them and behind,
In the strange dress that folly could award,
To persons call'd the Yeomen of the Guard.

(Hear, hear, and laughter.)

On gala days we see them march in groups,
Distinguish'd from the ordinary troops
By ample folds of scarlet, richly lac'd,
And velvet hats with ribbons run to waste.
Why, sir, a skilful tailor with his shears
Might portion out for three huge grenadiers

Three long-tail'd garments from each shapeless vest,
And be well paid by cabbaging the rest.

(A loud laugh.)

Sir, is it possible that we can view
These glaring facts, and such a course pursue?
Sir, I contend we must, however loath,
Soon 'cut our coat according to our cloth.'

COAL-METERS.

" The house, I hope, will give me leave to add
A word or two upon a case so bad,
That language of the strongest kind must fail
Its gross injustice fairly to detail.
It shows how far a system can proceed
By which alone the drones of office feed,
A system that, regardless of their worth,
Neglects those hardy vet'rans from the North,

My countrymen, who fought before they fed,
While lazy cockneys gorg'd and went to bed.

(A laugh.)

No Abercrombies, Douglasses, or Grahams,
Are station'd as coal-meters on the Thames.*
On these, a bold and independent race,
The partial minister confers no place.

---

* This is only one of the numerous errors into which Mr. H. is so apt to fall in the statements he makes. It is very well known, that, when any thing is to be given away, the Scotch are not forgotten, and no inconsiderable proportion of them will be found among the coal-meters. They well deserve every encouragement, for their claims are of no ordinary character; and, in spite of all the virulent antipathy of Johnson and all the malignity of Junius, a Scotchman must rank among the foremost in any country where talent is duly prized and integrity properly estimated. An excellent friend of mine, a Scotch gentleman, in whose society it is difficult to say whether one is more amused than edified, was the person who reminded me of the mistake made by Mr. H. with respect to his countrymen.

Too proud to sue, they never haunt the spot
Where the rewards of bows and scrapes are got.
But is it, sir, because a Scotchman's feet
Daun't chance to lead him into Downing Street,
Or near the Treas'ry, that he must forego
The claims of justice? Sir, I answer, no!
As clever men as ever cross'd the Tweed,
Are disregarded for a puny breed
Of stupid cockneys, insolent and vain,
Who all the places on the Thames obtain:
On ev'ry wharf where colliers land their coal,
The cockney rules with absolute control.
In short, because he has a lucky *vot**
He's sure to get whatever can be *bot*.†

---

* Vote. † Bought.

Sir, this corrupt monopoly is vile,

And I'll give *nottice* in a little while

Of some decisive motion that shall make

The city jobbers and their masters quake."

(Cheers and laughter.)

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Sir R. W-ls-n.—"I wish that a right honourable member

Would state if, in the month of last September,

The government believ'd the fact as true,

That Eatooa,—Wanga—Rungaboo,

The king of Dahomy,* design'd this year

To summon every vassal Cobaceer†

---

* A kingdom in Africa, of which very little is known.

† A Dahoman chief, who makes his inferiors prostrate themselves before him with the same fear and trembling that he himself must shew in the presence of the king.

Within his realms, and send an Agaow*
With all the force the country will allow,
In aid of Turkey 'gainst the Arab Sheiks
Who've join'd the cause of the insurgent Greeks!
From what I hear, it seems this barb'rous horde
Is set in motion by a noble lord,
Not at this moment present in his place;
To him we owe this acme of disgrace.

(Hear, hear, hear, from the opposition benches.)

The odious plot, as my informant says,
Was work'd at Abomy,† but fram'd at Fez.

---

* A Dahoman general.

† The capital of the kingdom of Dahomy.

The despot of Morocco was too vain
Not to be flatter'd by the artful strain
In which our consul sued for his compliance
As leader in this African alliance.
He took the bait, and, if I can believe
Th' intelligence I happen'd to receive,
His savage host will speedily repair
To join the Dahomans I know not where."
VAN:—" I can't, in th' absence of my noble friend,
Advert to topics which I apprehend
The house ought not to canvas at this time,
However well th' analysis may chime
With politics that censure from reports
Our close relations with those friendly courts."

(Hear, hear, hear.)

N-l-n,—" 'Tis very strange how gentlemen intrude
Such trifling matters of *small magnitude*;*
And yet more strange how statements can be made
Without foundation, merely to upbraid
The just and faithful servants of the crown.
'Tis not because they gave me a silk gown
That I through life shall speak in their defence,
' For want of decency is want of sense,'
When information is so very scant.——"
" I rise to order," cries J-hn P-t-r Gr-nt,
" There is no motion now before the house."
L-rd Cr-nb-rn:—" I move, sir, for returns of all the
grouse

---

* These identical words formed part of the admirable speech, in which this gentleman of the "long robe" discussed the merits of a certain bill respecting the Court of King's Bench.

Consum'd in London, cook'd in ev'ry way,
From eighteen hundred to last Christmas day;
Distinguishing the females from the males,
The colour of the feathers in their tails;
The baskets that convey'd them up to town,
The vehicles that set those baskets down;
The total number sent to the Lord Mayor,
Including days of ordinary fare;
The various places where each bird was shot,
And whether poachers trespass'd there or not."

(Ordered.)

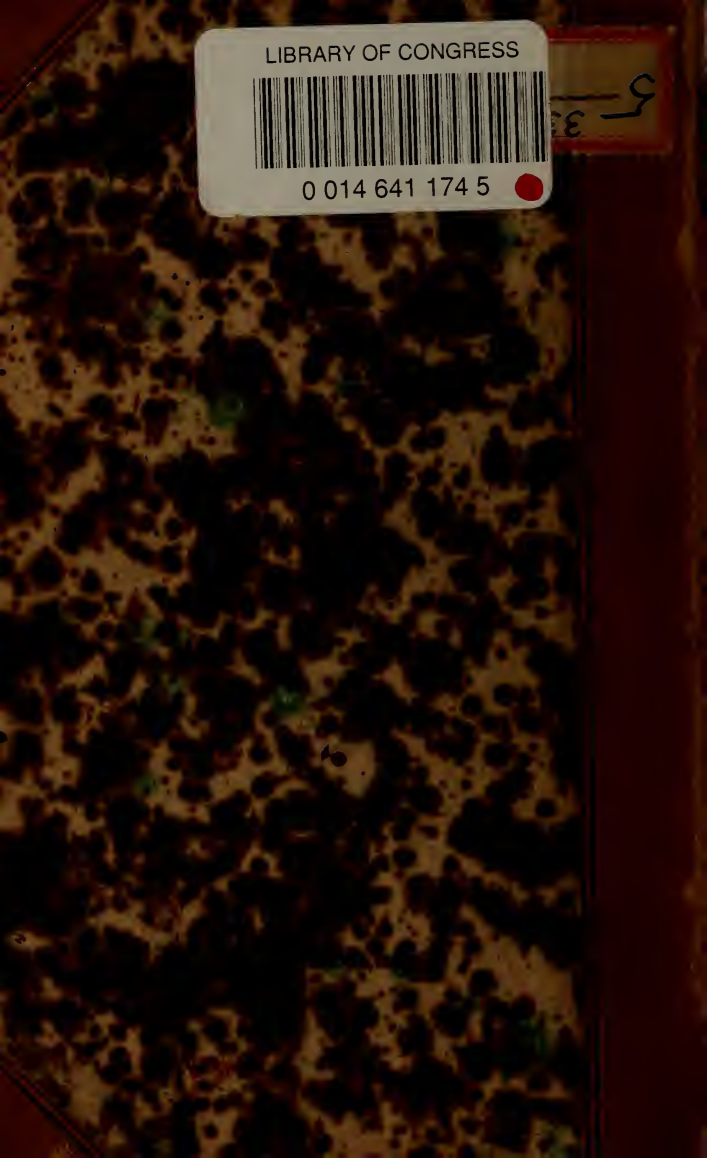
L-thbr-dge and L-ck—rt, a distinguish'd pair,
Most worthy rivals in the fame they bear,
At the same moment caught the Sp--k-r's eye.
The former rose,—I'm sure he knew not why;

The latter, in the prurience of his tongue,
At random taking questions, right or wrong:
To pipe orations both Arcadians burn'd,
But down were cough'd, and then the house—

ADJOURN'D.

FINIS PRO TEM.

Printed by J. Mallett, 59, Wardour Street, Soho, London.


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 641 174 5